

Con's Part in the Reuniting

By FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

CON was the first to reach the wrecked steamer; but then ten of the 14 years had been spent mostly on the great south bay, and he was more familiar with it than the life boat men themselves. His little steamer was only large enough to carry two heavier himself, and he took three leads to the Long Island before the first of the other boats arrived. Then they all worked together as rapidly as possible, for the vessel was sinking.

The last woman to leave was one Con had noticed several times while he was working. She was almost alone, and she had been conspicuous among them, encouraging and helping, and insisting that all the weaker ones should leave before herself. Now, as he swung his scoter alongside the vessel, whose rails were almost level with the water's edge, he saw straight to him, assisting a tall, powerfully built man, whose pale face and languid air proclaimed him an invalid. As Con saw him he caught his breath sharply and made a motion as though to spring forward. Except for the face and slightly stooping shoulders the man seemed an exact counterpart of his own father.

"Can you take us on your scoter?" the lady asked, with an amused accent on the word "scoter." "I have noticed you a number of times, and like your way of doing things. You will be very glad if you can take us." "Thank you, and I shall be glad, too," answered Con, heartily. "I have been hoping that you could be my passenger. I noticed you a number of times, too, and liked your way of doing things."

The lady laughed as he reached out to assist her, but motioned for the man to take his place first. Then she allowed him to place her in the scoter. "It seems a case of mutual liking," she said, as she watched him use his craft into the water. "You are a dandy. But I think I was as much attracted by your resemblance to my brother-in-law here and to my husband as to your way of doing things. They used to do things in much the same manner, long ago, her eyes growing far away in their gaze and her voice wistful."

"It seems strange," she went on, presently, "that after all these years I should come across the ocean and be wrecked again at almost the very place where they were lost."

"Constance," he replied, "I am gently, 'Yes, I know what you would say, brother, but you need not fear. I have suffered myself to the first great grief; else I could never have come here again, as I have been wanting to so many years. I shall not break down. I owe much to the fact that you have been so good in making this long journey just to indulge my whim. I think I will be ready to go back on the next boat and live out the rest of my life quietly. Her gaze returned to Con, with tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling."

"You are very young for such danger," she said. "I'm 14," he answered, "and there isn't nearly so much danger as people think—or if there is, one gets used to it. It isn't so much. You are a being wrecked here twice, trying to make his voice reassuring; but there isn't the least bit of danger now. I'll have you on shore in 20 minutes."

"I was not thinking of the danger, my boy, but of the fact that you returned with a sad smile. And you don't forget you and your scoter after you go back home. But you must tell me your name, so that I can feel I know you more personally."

"It's Connamore—Fernald Connamore," he replied, "just like my father's. There's only just one difference. I was a baby, Father's in the life saving station."

The lady had half risen, a startled look of inquiry in her eyes. But the man drew her back gently. "We have many kind of ever here," he said, "and Fernald is a common family name. It is an odd coincidence; but not at all remarkable, or rather impossible, I might say."

"Of course of course! Most scaring men do. And your father—?" Con's shoulders squared, and his eyes blazed. "My father never drank anything stronger than water," he burst out, "not even coffee. All the other men at the station, when they come back from a wreck chilled and exhausted, are something to revive and strengthen them. But my father would never touch a drop, and he did more work than any of them."

GET-HERE SPIRIT

AGAINST OBSTACLES IN THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS.

"Dead-in-Earnest" Men—What Some of Them Have Accomplished—Talent of Less Importance—Than Zeal.

By Orison Sweet Marden.
(Founder and Editor of "Success" Magazine, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World, or Architects of Fate," etc.)

IT IS OF IT, Mr. Garrison, said a learned bishop to the famous actor, "that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real thing." "It isn't my lord," was the reply, "that I do not believe the truth as if you did not believe it while I fact that which is not true as if I did believe it."

The enthusiasm for his art which made David Garrick the greatest actor of his time, is absolutely essential to high achievement in any field of endeavor. You will search in vain in all the wide range of history or biography, for any record of a half-hearted or indifferent worker who accomplished anything for himself or for humanity. The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the masters of every great enterprise—those of every race and clime who have led the world upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century—have been enthusiasts, unquenchable, dead-in-earnest, people.

Enthusiasm clears the way. Success is often due less to unusual talent or ability than to enthusiasm. No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable, it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to a determined youth filled with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home he studied its intricacies by the light of a pine knot. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel by the glow of a log fire. He did not dream of high office in those lonely days and nights, when his love of learning urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in the loft, where he slept, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day; but who shall say that this early enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge did not lead to the white house and make him the liberator of a race?

The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees. Enthusiasm makes him proof against every discouragement.

ATMOSPHERE AS A PRISM.

Refracts the Sun's Rays and Produces the Peculiar Green Color Seen at Sunset.

A green ray at sunset is sufficiently well known to need no further mention of the beauty of the spectacle and the ordinary conditions of its observation. The ray may be seen on beautiful evenings on the seashore and elsewhere, although the intensity is variable in general, it is necessary that the state of the atmosphere be such that the horizon may be clearly distinguished as the solar disk sinks behind it. In explanation of the green ray recourse has been had to the theory of an optical illusion, due to the yellow-orange light of the sun, which at the moment of its disappearance the last small portion of the sun becomes affected by the complementary color, green-blue. This has not been satisfactory, and it has been suggested, says a writer in *La Nature*, that the atmosphere acts as a prism, refracting the last luminous ray from the sun at the time of its disappearance and decomposing and spreading it out according to the succession of colors of the spectrum. The red, orange and yellow rays are the less deviated, and are continued with the solar point of which they have been separated. The eye perceives clearly the green and blue rays while the indigo and violet, which are the most dispersed and the most luminous, cannot be seen.

DIG DIAMONDS IN STREETS

The Unemployed in Kimberley, South Africa, Given Privileges by Municipal Council.

London—Latest news from South Africa brings a report that the municipal council of Kimberley, finding the town full of unemployed because of strikes and the consequences of the late war, allowed the idle inhabitants to tear up the streets and search the macadam for diamonds on condition that each man should replace the space allotted to him.

It was known that the macadam of the streets had been originally taken from the debris of the diamond mines and talk of great jewels hidden in it had been common.

As it is each workman found from \$3.00 to \$5.00 in diamond dust, some jewels discovered being valued as high as \$400 each.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

My heart was winter-broken until I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, I heard not, but I felt
My life with Spring.

My hopes were homeless things before I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To my paradise.

My dreams were bitter ones, and then I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtime of Love! The secret sweet
Is yours alone to tell:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Dempster Sherman, "Lyrics of Joy."

A Holiday Appeal.

The younger men, when Christmas comes, for hobby-horses and for drums, and for a little of the world's toys. Such as delight the hearts of boys. He sometimes feels resentment fall on him for a child's play. When boys of playtime give take wings and "Santy" brings him "useful things."

What care he for a brand-new toy? Who has no stringed drum to beat, or for a cap to be a hero? Who has no wagon painted red? Ah, what were I to grow-up folk without the smiling and the joy? Without the smile which fills brings—With just a word of "useful things?" —Washington Star.

Bad Teeth Cause Cancer.

London—Walter Whitehead, the well known Manchester surgeon, believes it possible that cancer may be due to bad teeth. Addressing the students of the Victoria Dental hospital the other day he said, that to drain, trap, and ventilate a house for a man with bad teeth was waste of money, for he polluted the purest air as he breathed it, and contaminated the most wholesome food as he ate it.

GET-HERE SPIRIT

AGAINST OBSTACLES IN THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS.

"Dead-in-Earnest" Men—What Some of Them Have Accomplished—Talent of Less Importance—Than Zeal.

By Orison Sweet Marden.
(Founder and Editor of "Success" Magazine, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World, or Architects of Fate," etc.)

IT IS OF IT, Mr. Garrison, said a learned bishop to the famous actor, "that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real thing." "It isn't my lord," was the reply, "that I do not believe the truth as if you did not believe it while I fact that which is not true as if I did believe it."

The enthusiasm for his art which made David Garrick the greatest actor of his time, is absolutely essential to high achievement in any field of endeavor. You will search in vain in all the wide range of history or biography, for any record of a half-hearted or indifferent worker who accomplished anything for himself or for humanity. The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the masters of every great enterprise—those of every race and clime who have led the world upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century—have been enthusiasts, unquenchable, dead-in-earnest, people.

Enthusiasm clears the way. Success is often due less to unusual talent or ability than to enthusiasm. No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable, it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to a determined youth filled with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home he studied its intricacies by the light of a pine knot. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel by the glow of a log fire. He did not dream of high office in those lonely days and nights, when his love of learning urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in the loft, where he slept, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day; but who shall say that this early enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge did not lead to the white house and make him the liberator of a race?

The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees. Enthusiasm makes him proof against every discouragement.

ATMOSPHERE AS A PRISM.

Refracts the Sun's Rays and Produces the Peculiar Green Color Seen at Sunset.

A green ray at sunset is sufficiently well known to need no further mention of the beauty of the spectacle and the ordinary conditions of its observation. The ray may be seen on beautiful evenings on the seashore and elsewhere, although the intensity is variable in general, it is necessary that the state of the atmosphere be such that the horizon may be clearly distinguished as the solar disk sinks behind it. In explanation of the green ray recourse has been had to the theory of an optical illusion, due to the yellow-orange light of the sun, which at the moment of its disappearance the last small portion of the sun becomes affected by the complementary color, green-blue. This has not been satisfactory, and it has been suggested, says a writer in *La Nature*, that the atmosphere acts as a prism, refracting the last luminous ray from the sun at the time of its disappearance and decomposing and spreading it out according to the succession of colors of the spectrum. The red, orange and yellow rays are the less deviated, and are continued with the solar point of which they have been separated. The eye perceives clearly the green and blue rays while the indigo and violet, which are the most dispersed and the most luminous, cannot be seen.

DIG DIAMONDS IN STREETS

The Unemployed in Kimberley, South Africa, Given Privileges by Municipal Council.

London—Latest news from South Africa brings a report that the municipal council of Kimberley, finding the town full of unemployed because of strikes and the consequences of the late war, allowed the idle inhabitants to tear up the streets and search the macadam for diamonds on condition that each man should replace the space allotted to him.

It was known that the macadam of the streets had been originally taken from the debris of the diamond mines and talk of great jewels hidden in it had been common.

As it is each workman found from \$3.00 to \$5.00 in diamond dust, some jewels discovered being valued as high as \$400 each.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

My heart was winter-broken until I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, I heard not, but I felt
My life with Spring.

My hopes were homeless things before I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To my paradise.

My dreams were bitter ones, and then I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtime of Love! The secret sweet
Is yours alone to tell:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Dempster Sherman, "Lyrics of Joy."

A Holiday Appeal.

The younger men, when Christmas comes, for hobby-horses and for drums, and for a little of the world's toys. Such as delight the hearts of boys. He sometimes feels resentment fall on him for a child's play. When boys of playtime give take wings and "Santy" brings him "useful things."

What care he for a brand-new toy? Who has no stringed drum to beat, or for a cap to be a hero? Who has no wagon painted red? Ah, what were I to grow-up folk without the smiling and the joy? Without the smile which fills brings—With just a word of "useful things?" —Washington Star.

Bad Teeth Cause Cancer.

London—Walter Whitehead, the well known Manchester surgeon, believes it possible that cancer may be due to bad teeth. Addressing the students of the Victoria Dental hospital the other day he said, that to drain, trap, and ventilate a house for a man with bad teeth was waste of money, for he polluted the purest air as he breathed it, and contaminated the most wholesome food as he ate it.

GET-HERE SPIRIT

AGAINST OBSTACLES IN THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS.

"Dead-in-Earnest" Men—What Some of Them Have Accomplished—Talent of Less Importance—Than Zeal.

By Orison Sweet Marden.
(Founder and Editor of "Success" Magazine, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World, or Architects of Fate," etc.)

IT IS OF IT, Mr. Garrison, said a learned bishop to the famous actor, "that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real thing." "It isn't my lord," was the reply, "that I do not believe the truth as if you did not believe it while I fact that which is not true as if I did believe it."

The enthusiasm for his art which made David Garrick the greatest actor of his time, is absolutely essential to high achievement in any field of endeavor. You will search in vain in all the wide range of history or biography, for any record of a half-hearted or indifferent worker who accomplished anything for himself or for humanity. The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the masters of every great enterprise—those of every race and clime who have led the world upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century—have been enthusiasts, unquenchable, dead-in-earnest, people.

Enthusiasm clears the way. Success is often due less to unusual talent or ability than to enthusiasm. No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable, it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to a determined youth filled with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home he studied its intricacies by the light of a pine knot. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel by the glow of a log fire. He did not dream of high office in those lonely days and nights, when his love of learning urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in the loft, where he slept, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day; but who shall say that this early enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge did not lead to the white house and make him the liberator of a race?

The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees. Enthusiasm makes him proof against every discouragement.

ATMOSPHERE AS A PRISM.

Refracts the Sun's Rays and Produces the Peculiar Green Color Seen at Sunset.

A green ray at sunset is sufficiently well known to need no further mention of the beauty of the spectacle and the ordinary conditions of its observation. The ray may be seen on beautiful evenings on the seashore and elsewhere, although the intensity is variable in general, it is necessary that the state of the atmosphere be such that the horizon may be clearly distinguished as the solar disk sinks behind it. In explanation of the green ray recourse has been had to the theory of an optical illusion, due to the yellow-orange light of the sun, which at the moment of its disappearance the last small portion of the sun becomes affected by the complementary color, green-blue. This has not been satisfactory, and it has been suggested, says a writer in *La Nature*, that the atmosphere acts as a prism, refracting the last luminous ray from the sun at the time of its disappearance and decomposing and spreading it out according to the succession of colors of the spectrum. The red, orange and yellow rays are the less deviated, and are continued with the solar point of which they have been separated. The eye perceives clearly the green and blue rays while the indigo and violet, which are the most dispersed and the most luminous, cannot be seen.

DIG DIAMONDS IN STREETS

The Unemployed in Kimberley, South Africa, Given Privileges by Municipal Council.

London—Latest news from South Africa brings a report that the municipal council of Kimberley, finding the town full of unemployed because of strikes and the consequences of the late war, allowed the idle inhabitants to tear up the streets and search the macadam for diamonds on condition that each man should replace the space allotted to him.

It was known that the macadam of the streets had been originally taken from the debris of the diamond mines and talk of great jewels hidden in it had been common.

As it is each workman found from \$3.00 to \$5.00 in diamond dust, some jewels discovered being valued as high as \$400 each.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

My heart was winter-broken until I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, I heard not, but I felt
My life with Spring.

My hopes were homeless things before I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To my paradise.

My dreams were bitter ones, and then I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtime of Love! The secret sweet
Is yours alone to tell:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Dempster Sherman, "Lyrics of Joy."

A Holiday Appeal.

The younger men, when Christmas comes, for hobby-horses and for drums, and for a little of the world's toys. Such as delight the hearts of boys. He sometimes feels resentment fall on him for a child's play. When boys of playtime give take wings and "Santy" brings him "useful things."

What care he for a brand-new toy? Who has no stringed drum to beat, or for a cap to be a hero? Who has no wagon painted red? Ah, what were I to grow-up folk without the smiling and the joy? Without the smile which fills brings—With just a word of "useful things?" —Washington Star.

Bad Teeth Cause Cancer.

London—Walter Whitehead, the well known Manchester surgeon, believes it possible that cancer may be due to bad teeth. Addressing the students of the Victoria Dental hospital the other day he said, that to drain, trap, and ventilate a house for a man with bad teeth was waste of money, for he polluted the purest air as he breathed it, and contaminated the most wholesome food as he ate it.

GET-HERE SPIRIT

AGAINST OBSTACLES IN THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS.

"Dead-in-Earnest" Men—What Some of Them Have Accomplished—Talent of Less Importance—Than Zeal.

By Orison Sweet Marden.
(Founder and Editor of "Success" Magazine, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World, or Architects of Fate," etc.)

IT IS OF IT, Mr. Garrison, said a learned bishop to the famous actor, "that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real thing." "It isn't my lord," was the reply, "that I do not believe the truth as if you did not believe it while I fact that which is not true as if I did believe it."

The enthusiasm for his art which made David Garrick the greatest actor of his time, is absolutely essential to high achievement in any field of endeavor. You will search in vain in all the wide range of history or biography, for any record of a half-hearted or indifferent worker who accomplished anything for himself or for humanity. The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the masters of every great enterprise—those of every race and clime who have led the world upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century—have been enthusiasts, unquenchable, dead-in-earnest, people.

Enthusiasm clears the way. Success is often due less to unusual talent or ability than to enthusiasm. No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable, it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to a determined youth filled with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home he studied its intricacies by the light of a pine knot. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel by the glow of a log fire. He did not dream of high office in those lonely days and nights, when his love of learning urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in the loft, where he slept, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day; but who shall say that this early enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge did not lead to the white house and make him the liberator of a race?

The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees. Enthusiasm makes him proof against every discouragement.

ATMOSPHERE AS A PRISM.

Refracts the Sun's Rays and Produces the Peculiar Green Color Seen at Sunset.

A green ray at sunset is sufficiently well known to need no further mention of the beauty of the spectacle and the ordinary conditions of its observation. The ray may be seen on beautiful evenings on the seashore and elsewhere, although the intensity is variable in general, it is necessary that the state of the atmosphere be such that the horizon may be clearly distinguished as the solar disk sinks behind it. In explanation of the green ray recourse has been had to the theory of an optical illusion, due to the yellow-orange light of the sun, which at the moment of its disappearance the last small portion of the sun becomes affected by the complementary color, green-blue. This has not been satisfactory, and it has been suggested, says a writer in *La Nature*, that the atmosphere acts as a prism, refracting the last luminous ray from the sun at the time of its disappearance and decomposing and spreading it out according to the succession of colors of the spectrum. The red, orange and yellow rays are the less deviated, and are continued with the solar point of which they have been separated. The eye perceives clearly the green and blue rays while the indigo and violet, which are the most dispersed and the most luminous, cannot be seen.

DIG DIAMONDS IN STREETS

The Unemployed in Kimberley, South Africa, Given Privileges by Municipal Council.

London—Latest news from South Africa brings a report that the municipal council of Kimberley, finding the town full of unemployed because of strikes and the consequences of the late war, allowed the idle inhabitants to tear up the streets and search the macadam for diamonds on condition that each man should replace the space allotted to him.

It was known that the macadam of the streets had been originally taken from the debris of the diamond mines and talk of great jewels hidden in it had been common.

As it is each workman found from \$3.00 to \$5.00 in diamond dust, some jewels discovered being valued as high as \$400 each.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

My heart was winter-broken until I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, I heard not, but I felt
My life with Spring.

My hopes were homeless things before I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To my paradise.

My dreams were bitter ones, and then I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtime of Love! The secret sweet
Is yours alone to tell:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Dempster Sherman, "Lyrics of Joy."

A Holiday Appeal.

The younger men, when Christmas comes, for hobby-horses and for drums, and for a little of the world's toys. Such as delight the hearts of boys. He sometimes feels resentment fall on him for a child's play. When boys of playtime give take wings and "Santy" brings him "useful things."

What care he for a brand-new toy? Who has no stringed drum to beat, or for a cap to be a hero? Who has no wagon painted red? Ah, what were I to grow-up folk without the smiling and the joy? Without the smile which fills brings—With just a word of "useful things?" —Washington Star.

Bad Teeth Cause Cancer.

London—Walter Whitehead, the well known Manchester surgeon, believes it possible that cancer may be due to bad teeth. Addressing the students of the Victoria Dental hospital the other day he said, that to drain, trap, and ventilate a house for a man with bad teeth was waste of money, for he polluted the purest air as he breathed it, and contaminated the most wholesome food as he ate it.

GET-HERE SPIRIT

AGAINST OBSTACLES IN THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS.

"Dead-in-Earnest" Men—What Some of Them Have Accomplished—Talent of Less Importance—Than Zeal.

By Orison Sweet Marden.
(Founder and Editor of "Success" Magazine, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World, or Architects of Fate," etc.)

IT IS OF IT, Mr. Garrison, said a learned bishop to the famous actor, "that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real thing." "It isn't my lord," was the reply, "that I do not believe the truth as if you did not believe it while I fact that which is not true as if I did believe it."

The enthusiasm for his art which made David Garrick the greatest actor of his time, is absolutely essential to high achievement in any field of endeavor. You will search in vain in all the wide range of history or biography, for any record of a half-hearted or indifferent worker who accomplished anything for himself or for humanity. The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the masters of every great enterprise—those of every race and clime who have led the world upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century—have been enthusiasts, unquenchable, dead-in-earnest, people.

Enthusiasm clears the way. Success is often due less to unusual talent or ability than to enthusiasm. No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable, it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to a determined youth filled with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home he studied its intricacies by the light of a pine knot. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel by the glow of a log fire. He did not dream of high office in those lonely days and nights, when his love of learning urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in the loft, where he slept, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day; but who shall say that this early enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge did not lead to the white house and make him the liberator of a race?

The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees. Enthusiasm makes him proof against every discouragement.

ATMOSPHERE AS A PRISM.

Refracts the Sun's Rays and Produces the Peculiar Green Color Seen at Sunset.

A green ray at sunset is sufficiently well known to need no further mention of the beauty of the spectacle and the ordinary conditions of its observation. The ray may be seen on beautiful evenings on the seashore and elsewhere, although the intensity is variable in general, it is necessary that the state of the atmosphere be such that the horizon may be clearly distinguished as the solar disk sinks behind it. In explanation of the green ray recourse has been had to the theory of an optical illusion, due to the yellow-orange light of the sun, which at the moment of its disappearance the last small portion of the sun becomes affected by the complementary color, green-blue. This has not been satisfactory, and it has been suggested, says a writer in *La Nature*, that the atmosphere acts as a prism, refracting the last luminous ray from the sun at the time of its disappearance and decomposing and spreading it out according to the succession of colors of the spectrum. The red, orange and yellow rays are the less deviated, and are continued with the solar point of which they have been separated. The eye perceives clearly the green and blue rays while the indigo and violet, which are the most dispersed and the most luminous, cannot be seen.

DIG DIAMONDS IN STREETS

The Unemployed in Kimberley, South Africa, Given Privileges by Municipal Council.

London—Latest news from South Africa brings a report that the municipal council of Kimberley, finding the town full of unemployed because of strikes and the consequences of the late war, allowed the idle inhabitants to tear up the streets and search the macadam for diamonds on condition that each man should replace the space allotted to him.

It was known that the macadam of the streets had been originally taken from the debris of the diamond mines and talk of great jewels hidden in it had been common.

As it is each workman found from \$3.00 to \$5.00 in diamond dust, some jewels discovered being valued as high as \$400 each.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

My heart was winter-broken until I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, I heard not, but I felt